



Twist

Time Capsule

Jimmy Prune held a shovel and a shoebox. Inside the shoebox was a plastic baseball, a school picture, and his last spelling test. He began to dig a hole in his front yard.

Mr. Evans looked over the fence. “Greetings, Jimmy Prune,” he said. “What are you doing?”

“I’m burying a time capsule,” said Jimmy Prune. “So people one-million years from now can see how we lived today.”

“Good idea,” said Mr. Evans. “And I have something you should put in your time capsule. Here’s a magazine. Then people will know what we looked like.”

Jimmy Prune put the magazine into his shoebox and continued digging his hole.

Marsha, his baby-sitter, called out the screen door. “What are you doing, Jimmy Prune?”

“I’m burying a time capsule,” said Jimmy Prune. “So people one million years from now we lived.”

“Interesting, Jimmy Prune,” said Marsha. “Here is a quarter you can bury. Then people in the future can see how we bought things.”

Jimmy Prune put the quarter in the box and continued digging the hole.

Loud Larry rode his bike up the driveway. “What are you doing, Jimmy Prune,” he asked.

“I’m burying a time capsule,” said Jimmy Prune. “So people one-million years from now can see how we lived.”

“Great idea,” said Larry. “Here’s my old baseball cap you can put in your time capsule. Then people in the future can find out what we wore.”

Jimmy Prune put the baseball cap in his shoebox and continued digging the hole.

Now the Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces walked up the sidewalk. “What are you doing, Jimmy Prune?” she asked

“I’m burying a time capsule,” said Jimmy Prune. “So people one million years from now can see how we lived.”

“Here I’ll give you a candy bar,” said the girl. “Then the people in the future will know what we ate.”

Jimmy Prune put the candy bar into his shoebox and place the box in the hole. He pushed dirt over it and patted the dirt down with his hand. Then he sat by the time capsule thinking. His stomach rumbled with hunger. The wind messed up his hair. Oh, if only he had some money to go play a video game. And that

magazine? That looked very interesting.

“Would people one-million years from now need the things in my time capsule as much as I do?” Jimmy Prune said. “I don’t think so.” Then he picked up his shovel and began to dig.